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THE EAGLE AND CHILD.

A LEGEND OF THE STANLEY FAMILY.

The curious annexed pictorial device is an illustration of a tale almost as singular as that of Romulus and Remus. It is copied from a cast, taken from an oak carving attached to the stall of James Stanley, Bishop of Ely, in the Manchester Cathedral. In the picture, the middle tree sustains an eagle's nest, in which a child and an eagle are seen. Below, workmen with their tools appear. These form what is called a *rebus*, or pictorial pun. They are approaching a castellated gateway, and are meant to represent masons. In the Latin of the middle ages, says Mr. Lower, masons, or stone-cutters, were termed *Lathomi*, and here they are proceeding to Latham Hall, the scene of the tradition to which the higher portion of the device refers, and which is thus told:—

"One of the Lathams, of Latham, county of Lancaster, having abandoned and exposed an illegitimate son in the nest of an

eagle in a wood called Terlestowt Wood, near his castle, afterwards discovered, to his great astonishment, that the 'king of birds,' instead of devouring the helpless infant, had conceived a great liking for him, supplying him with food, and thus preserving his life. Upon witnessing this miraculous circumstance the cruel parent relented, and, taking home the infant, made him his heir. A various reading of the tale states that Sir Thomas Latham, being destitute of legal issue, and wishing to adopt an illegitimate son, a proceeding to which his wife would not be likely to become a party, resorted to the ruse of having the infant placed in the eyrie of an eagle, and then, taking his lady into the park, coming, as if by accident, to the place, at the moment when the eagle was hovering over the nest. Help—of course accidental—being at hand, the little fellow was rescued from his perilous couch, and presented to the lady, who pressed him to her bosom, and, ignorant of his consanguinity to her lord,

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joyfully acquiesced in his proposal to make the founding heir to their estate. According to Bishop Stanley's 'Historicall Poem touching ye Family of Stanley,' and Vincent's MS. Collection in the College of Arms, the Lord of Latham was 'fower-score' at the time he adopted this infant,

'Swaddled and clad
In a mantle of redd.'

—a statement which discredits both versions of the story as given above. These authorities further inform us that the founding received the baptismal name of Oskell, and became father of the Isabella Latham who married Sir John Stanley. In Seacombe's 'History of the House of Stanley' there is an account, derived from another branch of the family, which coincides with the second-mentioned, with the important addition that the adopted child was discarded before the death of Sir Thomas Latham. It is further said, that on the adoption Sir Thomas had assumed for his crest 'an eagle upon wing, turning her head back and looking in a sprightly manner as for something she had lost,' and that on the disowning, the Stanleys (one of whom had married the legal heiress to the estate) 'either to distinguish or aggrandise themselves, or in contempt and derision, took upon them the Eagle and Child,' thus manifesting the variation and the reason of it. It is scarcely necessary to state, that the Sir Oskell of the legend has existence in the veritable records of history; and Mr. Ormerod, the learned historian of Cheshire, who is connected by marriage with the family of Latham, thinks the whole story may be "more safely referred to ancestral Northmen, with its scene in the pine-forests of Scandinavia."

CONVERSATION AL DEFICIENCIES OF MEN OF GENIUS.

BY DR. EDWARDS.

The story of the gentleman at the coffee-house, who was so disconcerted by the bodily presence "of the great Dr. Watts," is well known. But this, so far from being an exception, must rather be regarded as a general rule. Men of great worth and great fame, like objects falsely magnified at a distance, are often known to dwindle as we approach. This may be owing, in some instances, to the confused, distorted, and erroneous notions which bystanders and observers may entertain of what constitutes true greatness, or else to the peculiar constitution and workings of the strong and original mind. A reader's anticipations are not, perhaps, more often deceived in the person and manners, than they are

in the colloquial discourse, of the celebrated author, and they retire from the interview equally disappointed with the gentleman above mentioned. The luminary seems eclipsed. He appears no longer himself, resembling more a dull reader than an interesting writer. When he opens his lips there seems nothing more to indicate genius, than in his exterior being no more eloquent and winning in address than handsomely built or tastefully dressed. Conversation, it might be supposed, would have elicited his powers, proving like friction to the diamond; and a ray of intelligence have been reflected on the hearer more beautiful and brilliant than on the reader. This seems to be the law of our nature, as social beings, and if we look at the mass of mankind, we shall find them better speakers than writers, more excellent in the parlour than in the study. It may, in some cases, serve as a line of demarcation as a prominent distinction between men of extraordinary, and of inferior or mediocre, powers; appearance and reality being here in direct opposition.

But does not conversation demand and deserve all the powers which genius and learning, can summon to enliven, improve, and elevate its tone? Do we exaggerate when we affirm, in the words of an eminent author, that "conversation is the daughter of reasoning, the mother of knowledge, the breath of the soul, the commerce of hearts, the bond of friendship, the nourishment of contentment, and the occupation of men of wit?" Shall memory, then, grow dull; its ample page blotted or obscured; fancy become stagnant; love, ambition, and the desire of distinction, dormant; and excellence cease? That such is, however, often the case, biography and observation will alike testify.

If we refer to the ancient classics, biography gives us many striking examples of this fact. Socrates, whose oratorical compositions are so distinguished for beauty, and served as models to inferior orators, was too timid and bashful ever to speak before a public assembly. He used to compare himself to the whetstone, which enables others to cut without being able to cut itself. Demosthenes was said always to smell of the lamp, and to be deficient in ready and apt conversation, as he was superior in eloquence. Virgil, the prince of Latin poets, was heavy and dry, and appeared more like a rustic of Mantua, than an enchanting poet. But as we are not so well acquainted with the ancients, and are also more open to impositions, let us mention a few of the distinguished moderns. Descartes, who was said to have received his intellectual wealth from nature in solid bars, not current coin, was almost invariably taciturn in mixed company. Sir

Isaac Newton was the same. It is said that others, far inferior, could even describe and explain many problems he had just elaborated better than himself—their inventor. The Countess of Pembroke used to rally Chaucer by saying that his silence was more agreeable to her than his conversation.

Dryden says of himself, "My conversation is slow and dull, my humour saturnine and reserved." Addison was still more deficient. According to his own comparison, though he could draw largely on his banker, he had very little small coin with him. A cynical cotemporary, after passing an evening in his company, compared him to "a silent parson in a tie-wig." Goldsmith, though said to be extremely vain, and consequently desirous of "showing off," often offended instead of pleasing, and amused rather than edified his company. The conversation of Peter Corneille, the French Shakspeare, was as insipid as his poetic sentiments are sublime. When rallied on his inattention to little things, and his limited and feeble power of amusing an audience, he would, so far from resenting, only smile, and say, "I am not the less Peter Corneille." Another eminent literary character used to say of a wit, who would thus temporarily eclipse his glory, "He conquers me in the drawing-room, but he surrenders to me at discretion on the staircase." According to La Bruyere, La Fontaine appeared "coarse, heavy, and stupid; he could not speak or describe what he had just seen; but when he wrote, he was the model of poetry." A friend of the writer relates an anecdote of a young German, strikingly illustrative of the national character, as well as of many men of genius in both countries. In a tour up the Rhine he was much struck with the above-mentioned individual, who never, he believes, opened his mouth for the first fortnight, and would have still remained silent but for his interruption. Thinking he must be labouring under circumstances of unparalleled distress, he took the liberty to state his thoughts to the young student, mentioning as his reason the fact that, unlike the rest of the passengers, he had never heard him once talk. "Talk, talk," answers the supposed unfortunate, tossing up his head with an air of disdain, "I think." A young poet, whose name can hardly be said to have come down to posterity, though born on the same day with Sir Walter Raleigh, who happened to fall deeply and incurably in love with a Miss Ivatt, and who died from the poison of her beauty, slain by those cruel eyes, whose fire proved more fatal than that darted by the electric cloud, used to say, in reference to himself and his more successful, though less deserving and ardently attached, rival—"Nightingales,

alas! can only sing in solitude and darkness, or Mr. Jabez Smoothtongue, though a talented young lawyer, should soon cease to crow."

It were easy to mention other instances, but it would be unnecessary. And we must now look for a minute to the other side of the picture. It must not be forgotten that there is, if not an equal yet a great number of distinguished writers who have excelled in the art of conversation. "I should," says Menage, "have received great pleasure to have conversed with Cicero, had I lived in his time. He must have been a man very agreeable in conversation, since even Cæsar carefully collected his *bon mots*." No one who has read Boswell's Life of Johnson but must admire the versatility and richness of his conversational powers. Sir Walter Scott, unlike a celebrated foreign moralist, was also happy in conversation, and seemed to know how to entertain and delight every kind of audience. Others have even surpassed themselves as writers. This fact, considered in connection with what we have already advanced, may strike some as being anomalous.

But we think it will not be difficult to account for this diversity, without straining the argument. Amongst other reasons we may mention the following. Many men have not the same power of expression as they have of conception. They are often found apart, like taste and originality. A man may excel in original composition, and yet be a poor critic, or be a good critic, and yet fail in original composition. The phrenologists, who, whether right or wrong, must be allowed to have proceeded on the established laws of mind, have accordingly assigned different organs for language and invention. Others, not perhaps deficient in power of language, are slow of conception. The more valuable anything is in the natural world, the slower do we find its growth to be;—the more ponderous material requires greater volume to expedite its motion than what is light, and the same often holds good in the mental world. Great minds will often spurn low, ordinary, or trifling ideas which frequently make up the sum total of colloquial discourse, whilst great ideas, like great productions in nature, are some time in arriving at maturity. Unless conversation be intellectual and improving, they are out of their element. Again, the power of reflection and close reasoning is rarely associated with quick or attentive observation, and conversation generally requires the latter rather than the former. Abstraction and application, if not the whole, are the essentials of genius. Sir Isaac Newton and Buffon alike ascribe their success to these causes. These powers,

combined as they are with enthusiasm, almost chain the mind, or impelling it to one pursuit, interdict its wandering out of the beaten path. It is difficult to turn the whole course of the mind and heart from something more important to what appears comparatively trivial—to be one moment a close, continuous thinker, and the next a rambler—to descend from learned subjects to current topics. Genius also is invariably unequal; its motions are fitful. Its faults are equal to its excellencies, both being great. Shakespeare and Dryden have both the most splendid and meanest passages. Mediocrity proceeds in one regular, even course, never sinking, and never rising; but it is with genius as with reciprocating motions—the lower the bend the higher and nobler the rebound. And this law holds good in conversation as in composition. The same who on one occasion may escape our notice, may on another fill us with admiration. Men of genius also are often comparatively indifferent to the society with which they may either occasionally or constantly associate; conscious of their own superiority, although it may not be recognised, they may not attempt to exert their powers, or discover their concealed stores of information, whereas it may be the very reverse with those in their company, and when there is no effort the tortoise will reach the goal before the hare. It was once observed at the court of one pleader, that he knew more than he said, and of another, that he said more than he knew. Public men who have acquired high and extended fame, rest satisfied with this, without courting the little plaudits of a mixed assemblage in the parlour. Their talents are acknowledged, and they do not require, like others around them, to prove their existence. Pride may show a stranger the rich furniture of its house, but it needs not do so repeatedly. All great men are also philosophers in the original sense of that term, or lovers and followers of truth, but in speaking they can only give what they already, whilst by hearing they may receive. Intellectual riches may prove a barrier to freedom of conversation, for when a man is able to see things in a variety of lights, and has a multitude of rich thoughts and important facts floating in his memory or imagination, taste and judgment may be wavering as to precedence, or to use the metaphor of Swift, the reason for the comparative volubility of some is the same as for the readiness and ease of exit, which a small thin congregation finds compared with one which is crowded. Intellectual greatness, if combined with moral desires, esteem rather than admiration, to be loved rather than admired, and finds itself prompted both by humility and good

will to hold up any rather than itself as an oracle, and regards the art of silence as an important part of conversation. Good sense alone is sufficient to teach this. A lady, after being in the company of Mrs. Hannah More, could not help expressing her surprise at the comparative silence; Robert Hall, who was present, observed that she spoke as any sensible lady would, only when required and to the purpose. The fact is we often expect too much from celebrated men, and are justly disappointed. The distinguished character above-mentioned, when visited by men as a sort of show, used frequently to disappoint them by a strict unbroken silence. But no sooner were the idle curious vanished than he would say to the small circle of intimate friends, or perhaps to a single survivor, "Come, let us now have a little friendly conversation." It is evident that men are formed in such different moulds that they cannot harmonise or assimilate but with their own kindred. We are insensibly and spontaneously attracted to some words which we prefer in a way difficult to define, as we are repelled from others towards which we as naturally feel proportionate indifference, if not aversion. And this law of partiality towards the select few, and indifference or repugnance towards the promiscuous mass, operates more powerfully in finer and higher minds; and must thus in many circles prevent that free, enlarged, and animated intercourse, which can alone give full display to the conversational powers of genius. Already stung, perhaps, by the envious, slanderous, and malignant, whom it never once provoked, but rather sought to befriend, but who basely sought and obtained its confidence with a view to effect its ruin, it knows not how to trust a smile, a good word, or kind look, and falls back on a few or but one, or on hope and its own resources, suspicious and wearied of the world, though in the noontide of youth.

Men of genius are often possessed of extreme delicacy, a delicacy which is their fault and folly, rather than an excellence, and this refinement, this fine polish, shrinks from anything public; it cannot venture, it feels no confidence in a mixed assemblage, where there is the little, the rough, and rude, and when that loveliness of disposition, and that loftiness of aim, with which it can alone reciprocate sympathy, are absent, if not unknown. Such characters often border on the sentimental. They have their own family, and are only at home in their own house, amongst their brethren. They cannot unfurl the standard of intellect, unless at the same time permitted to unbosom the holy yearnings of their hearts; their imagination, their eloquence, works by love, and you must

move the one to excite the other. If you respect—if you love the man of letters—if you would enjoy his conversation, seek him in the hour of confidence and tranquillity; and then, perhaps, though you find not the sullen group and chilling splendour of worldly riches, however previously disappointed, you may find that his genius shall shine purer and brighter, and emit a more fervid glow than in his most polished compositions or studied orations. He shall give a zest before unfelt to your intellectual pleasures, as well as afford the most exquisite enjoyment to social intercourse. If endued with proportionate moral excellencies (and if not, let us beware of him as a plunderer if not a destroyer), he shall shame the selfish passions of our nature; save the heart from the icy coldness that might otherwise leave it as barren as it is unhappy—pour the draught of oblivion on sorrow—light up your path with ten thousand hopes, beautiful and glorious—and point to a sunny destiny where what was once imperfect, existent only in memory, shall serve to make all that is perfect more perfect, and the finite be for ever lost in the infinite.

SPAIN IN THE LAST CENTURY.

From Bayonne to St. Jean pied du Port, a small town at the foot of the Pyrenees, is a distance of about twenty-four miles, the whole consisting of uneven ground, which grows more rugged and steep, till it ends in those formidable mountains. Nothing, however, can be imagined more romantic; from the heights you have the most beautiful prospects, the whole country of Basque, with a great extent of sea, which here forms a noble bay, and mountains all around, some woody, others barren, and some whose snowy tops are hid in the clouds. In every valley you are sure to find a limpid brook, labourers everywhere at work, and fine rich meadows. The contrast is made more striking by the perpendicular brown hills, that rise all about you, and confine the view to a very narrow space. At St. Jean pied du Port, I made over my chaise to five yoke of oxen, and leaving it to the care of my *valet-de-chambre*, continued my passage over the Pyrenees on my mule, accompanied by my footman and the muleteer. From the instant of my departure, to my arrival at Roncevaux, a space of twenty miles, I found myself at the edge of a precipice, which by degrees became higher and more formidable; at the bottom there was a river, white with foam, breaking over the rocks, and on all sides immense mountains, now quite barren, now covered with vast groves of Spanish chesnuts, and from which broke forth springs, which formed cataracts of a prodigious height. Wherever the valley is

wide enough, one finds a village inhabited by beings that appear scarcely human, and their huts seems styes; in fact, they and their swine all live together, and they are scarcely distinguishable. When you have gone about two leagues, you get to a small chapel that divides the two kingdoms, and you are then about half way across the mountain. The remaining part, however, is more romantic; the precipices are steeper, the river louder, and the rocks higher. You sometimes seem so completely surrounded by them, that there appears no possibility of continuing your road; you, however, always find some blind path which conducts you to scenes more formidable than those you leave. It was as I entered into one of these dark roads that the day closed, and the gloomy light which succeeded it added not a little to the horror of the scene. I was too much occupied with attending to my mule to give a loose to my imagination, as I knew a false step would infallibly break my neck, the probability of which became every minute greater, since the night brought with it an immense fall of snow and rain, which made it so dark as to leave me no other means of following my guide than by his voice, as I could not see even to the head of my mule. I confess being in this situation, on a path nowhere more than three feet broad, and which bordered on a precipice of a thousand deep, was by no means comfortable, and I found myself very happy when we arrived at a horrid inn at Roncevaux, wet, tired, cold, and hungry. I was obliged to wait at this hovel the greatest part of the next day for the coming up of my chaise, which from the badness of the weather, was detained a long time on the mountains. In themselves the villages and houses exceed in dirt and nastiness anything I had conceived. In the inns you find nothing save chocolate, and the beds no one would attempt to be in. It is absolutely necessary to carry everything with you, and get them dressed by your own people.—*Lord Malmesbury's Diary and Correspondence.*

Nil Desperandum.

That life has its evils none care to deny,
But has it not also its moments of joy?
Less treasured the sweets that we press to our lips,
If the cup that contains them be free from alloy.
'Tis a folly to weep when afflictions oppress,
It is wisdom that prompts to withstand 'em.
While the heart, cheered by faith, looks to happier
days,
And the tongue echoes—*Nil Desperandum!*
Though dark be the clouds that o'ershadow the sky,
Hope tells us they are not impervious to light;
Joy, laden with blessings, arrives with the morn,
And sorrow and sighing depart with the night.
Then let us be happy, rejoicing in gifts,
While permitted by grace to command 'em
And when gone, let us gratefully think on them still,
And our motto be—*Nil Desperandum.*

TALES FROM THE CANVAS.

BY ALEXANDER ANDREWS, ESQ.

There are, unfortunately, thousands in this land of civilisation who cannot read—who are unable to nourish their minds with that food for which they yearn, and to understand what has been said by the wisest and the best of their race, because they have never been taught to distinguish six and twenty characters, and have never learned what is their meaning when placed in certain positions. This is a lamentable condition, indeed; and there are many, we are convinced, who thirst for the knowledge which they are unable to obtain: but are there no characters which they can read? Are they so entirely destitute of the means of instruction and amusement, that all the books which are exhibited in our shop windows, are all blanks to them? No! thanks to painters and engravers, there is a language which all can read—in which every one, the learned and the unlettered, the foreigner and the savage, can distinguish the meaning sought to be conveyed—which he who knows not the succession of the alphabet may read, and he who knows no word of our tongue, may understand. The language of pictures is universal! A picture addresses itself to the sympathies of all mankind (save the blind), for it is a tale written in the language which every nation knows. Addison, in one of his inimitable essays, has truly said, "Colours speak all languages; but words are understood only by such a people or nation." It is this that gives the artist the admiration of the world, while the popularity of the poet is confined to his own country, or, at most, to those who understand the language in which he writes. But, without knowing a word of the Italian language, we may admire Raphael; and, totally ignorant of the German tongue, we can appreciate the beauties of Holbein. And, in another respect, has the artist an advantage over the poet. Words can convey nothing but idea—they are of necessity merely abstract, emblematic, and suggestive; but the picture is the actual reflection of men and matter—it presents to the eye their semblance, while words can only hint their appearance to the mind. The tale of the artist is, from these mislaid causes, more generally understood than that of him who has mere words to relate it with. Why, then, it will be asked, have I attempted to transfer the ensuing sketches from the canvas to the paper? Perhaps, to prove the facts that have been alleged, more incontestably by actual contrast—perhaps to amuse an idle hour—perhaps with the vain hope of making clearer what before was clear; and, by rendering his meaning more conspicuous, to make the artist's skill more

appreciated—perhaps—but I know not the why or the wherefore—I have made the attempt; and, if art have frequently borrowed a subject from fiction, let it now, at least, boast, that fiction has been indebted for a subject to art.

The following tales or sketches may be found imperfect and unconnected. If so, I am willing to bear all the blame; but should they be thought to contain any interest, the merit belongs to the artist who has drawn their outlines, and not to the writer who has merely filled them up.

NO. I.—"SATISFACTION."

Whither goes yon carriage at so unreasonable an hour? Why does the postillion ply his whip and spur to urge the horses on their course? Why do the passengers cast such anxious glances along the road? Ye powers of darkness, blood is to be shed!

The day has scarcely dawned, but the grey light is to point out a victim to the murderer—the morning breeze is stirring, and each breath of wind bears upon its wing the whisper of—A DUEL.

The heartless second examines the quality and the priming of the pistols which are so soon to inflict a wound upon God's image, and the callous surgeon examines, too, his lancet, which is to be used in its attempted cure. The principal is sustained by a fictitious pride, and imagines he shall establish his reputation as a hero, and purge his questioned name. Even the postillion whistles merrily, although he knows full well he is bringing his passenger to—A DUEL!

The common or heath on which the party is emerging, has, ere now, been the scene of hostile strife; and on it the highwayman has often presented his pistol at the breast of the helpless traveller. The present case is slightly different, for the combatants were friends and schoolfellows, and the crime which is to be perpetrated is not a murder, not yet a robbery, but *only*—A DUEL!

The carriage stops—the murderers alight. The hostile party is already on the field—the distance is measured. Now, in the vigour of manhood, two noble figures confront each other. Now one of these manly forms is a livid corpse. The hopes of a young life are blighted: one human being is sent, unprepared and unexpectedly, before his maker, and another is branded as an assassin, with a stamp which not even death can efface. The surgeon probes the wound—it is mortal; he feels the pulse—it scarcely beats, and the inanimate body is wrapped in its mantle, and borne off the field of blood. The fancied stain is washed away, and the offended party has obtained "SATISFACTION," by spilling the blood of his former schoolfellow and bosom

friend! Such is the moral of our present posture.

NO. II.—"ALONE."

"Push off, my lads!" cried the captain, from the deck of the sinking ship, "push off!"

"Not without you, captain," replied half a dozen voices from the boat which still lingered alongside.

"No, lads," answered their old commander, and his eyes were dimmed as he spoke, "no, my good fellows. I have sailed with the old ship since her planks first floated, and now, when they are about to sink for ever, it is time for old Tom Lovell to go with them. She was almost my cradle, and she is doomed to be my coffin. Push off, for the love of God!" he added, perceiving that the ship was fast settling, "push off, or she will suck you down. Away with ye, for your lives!"

The men instinctively obeyed his injunctions, and pulled a few strokes from the foundering vessel.

"Lay to," shouted the mate, from the bow. "Once more, captain," he cried, with an imploring glance at his infatuated superior, who was still calmly pacing the groaning deck, "I entreat you, save yourself!"

"No, Watkins," replied the captain, in a firm tone, "I will not desert the fine old ship. I and the gallant Arethusa shall die together. Good bye, my boys; God preserve you all!"

Again the men reluctantly pulled their little bark from the ship's side, and in the next minute, the hull of the gallant vessel parted amidships, and slowly disappeared. With the violence of a whirlpool, the sea eddied round the spot where she had sunk, and the little boat and her hapless crew were flung round and round, and at last drawn down into the abyss.

At length one form arose, struggling desperately for existence—it was Captain Lovell. The instinct of self-preservation had returned, and he was battling against the waves for a moment's prolongation of his life. The boat which had been capsize and freed from her unhappy crew had righted, and was floating a score of yards before him. If he could but reach that boat, he was saved, and he struggled vigorously on. But heavy waves were beating him back, and it even appeared as if fate, determined on his death, were directing the sea in the opposite currents—the one to force him backwards, the other to send the boat farther from his reach. And so he struggled—now hoping, now despairing; now sanguine, now distracted; till the fear of death endowed him for a time with renewed energy, and, with the exertions which a drowning man only can

put forth, he struck out afresh, and at length reached the boat. He grasped her stern, muttered a hurried scream of joy, and scrambling over her side, clung to her as if he thought she might desert him. He was rescued—snatched from the grave which had yawned beneath him; and the sun he thought shone more brilliantly than ever, and the sky appeared clearer and more gladsome, and—after all, it was too good a world to leave so soon. New hopes, new prospects, new reasons for living, now sprang up—he thanked God for his preservation, and he thought of home.

Home! where was it!—AND WHERE WAS HE? For the first time a thought of his condition flashed across his mind. Where was he? A thousand leagues from shore, without chart or compass, sail or signal, and more than that, without provisions—without water! He was rescued from the waves, but death was still hovering around him in a thousand shapes. He was in the centre of the immense mass of waters—a minute speck in the midst of the rolling seas: without guide or purpose, save that of preservation from immediate death, and he was—alone!

Alone! no: for there was a living thing at hand, and, at the stern of his little boat, followed the hungry shark.

NO. III.—"THE LAST STRUGGLE."

"Your jewels!" demanded Rechnid, levelling a blow at his adversary, "Death or your jewels!"

"Stand off, fellow!" replied Haroun, parrying the thrust, and drawing his weapon, "stand off!"

In another second, the combatants had closed, and were struggling desperately on the brink of the yawning precipice. Their weapons were thrown aside; and each exerted his utmost power to hurl the other into the frightful chasm. But still they struggled; one moment Rechnid had forced his enemy upon the ground, and was kneeling on his breast; the next, Haroun had raised himself upon his feet, and was grappling with the bandit.

"The curse of Mahomet alight on thee!" shouted Rechnid; "your jewels are mine; down, down to perdition!" and concentrating his utmost strength, in one desperate effort, he flung the traveller over the precipice.

"Allah preserve me!" shrieked his victim, as he tottered over the brink, and surveyed the dark hollow beneath him. "But, fiend, you shall be my companion!" he added, fiercely; and clutching Rechnid's vest with the strong grasp of despair, he hung suspended for a second over the fathomless abyss.

In an instant the bandit had caught a bough of the nearest tree, and saved him-

self—the shriek of a female rang through the forest, and glancing in the direction from which it proceeded, he perceived his wife, at a considerable distance, rushing to rescue him from his peril.

"Allah be praised;" he muttered, "she will help me to a knife to cut off the fellow's hand."

Haroun, who still retained firm hold of the robber, made an effort to raise himself to the brink. Rechnid, with a fierce imprecation, grasped the tree more strongly, but as his adversary struggled to ascend, the branch snapped in twain; the weight of Haroun overbalanced the bandit, he shrieked one imploring cry for help to his wife, and—

Thus far only, does the picture tell its tale: it depicts the desperate determination on the countenance of the traveller who is suspended over the precipice, and sustained only by his hold upon his assailant—it expresses the agony of the robber as the branch breaks in his hand, and leaves him at the mercy of his victim—it represents the despair which has seized upon the bandit's wife as she finds herself still too far to be of any assistance to her husband—and that is all. We are left to imagine the conclusion, and to form our own speculations, whether any unexpected intervention has preserved the combatants from their apparently certain fate.

(To be continued.)

THE GENTLEMAN OF THE BED-CHAMBER; OR, THE SPY SYSTEM OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

In these days those engaged in political intrigues execute their work so quietly and so well, that we hear little of the spy system; such desperate acts as were formerly not uncommon where plots were to be unravelled are now unknown.

When the subserviency of our king, James II, to France, had caused a general conspiracy against him, it was of great importance to Louis XIV to learn what course the Pope was disposed to take. With a view to obtain correct information he sent a gentleman of the bedchamber, whose name was Le Gut, in whose fidelity, courage, and intelligence, he had great confidence, to Rome, and it will be seen from what follows, that his choice was well made.

The Cardinal d'Estrees was at that period in the eternal city, as ambassador extraordinary from France, and he had discovered that a correspondence was actually carried on, which it was attempted to conceal from him. He further ascertained

that Ouir, a Dutch burgomaster, waited every day on Cassoni, the secretary to Pope Innocent XI. This person, to conceal the real business which brought him to Rome, opened a shop for the sale of artificial flowers in the place Navoni, in the making of which a Venetian boy was employed, whose ingenuity was said to be extraordinary. Under cover of selling flowers to the residents in the Vatican, he passed into the Palace for sometime without exciting suspicion, till the keen eye of Cardinal d'Estrees fell on the burgomaster.

Le Gut informed of this determined to take from Ouir by force any letters with which he might be charged, and for that purpose watched his motions wherever he went. For a time he had his labour for his pains, but at length, one night in December, 1687, at a late hour, he saw him enter the Vatican, in the disguise of a porter. He immediately posted himself with two valets so as to intercept him on his coming out. It was three o'clock in the morning before he made his appearance, but on his leaving the Vatican, Le Gut and his assistants followed him at some distance, and on his reaching a spot convenient for their purpose, one of the valets sprung upon him, and the other, coming up with their master, Ouir could neither attempt resistance nor escape. Le Gut presented a dagger to his throat, and told him if he gave the least alarm he was a dead man. The valets now searched him from head to foot, and took all his letters and papers from him, after which they allowed him to go away without further molestation.

Le Gut, whose perseverance was equal to his resolution, had fasted eighteen hours while watching for the burgomaster, and repairing to the cardinal, which he did immediately after the robbery, his first demand was food, which was supplied to him before they examined their prize.

On opening the letters they found one despatch for Cassoni to the Duke of Lorraine, which announced that the emperor had prevailed on almost all the powers of Europe to league against France. From this they saw that his Holiness was actively against the eldest son of the church. It was also stated that they proved a conspiracy to have been formed against the life of King James.

The labours of Le Gut did not end here. No inquiry appears to have been instituted by the Pope; and Ouir, it is not improbable, thought he had been attacked by common robbers. It will be remembered he wore the dress of a porter when he was stopped, and he did not then infer that the object of his acting the part of a flower dealer was known. Le Gut, however, got information of all that was going on, and

about half a year afterwards, in June, 1687, the burgomaster was again assailed. The account we have of this, as sent to Louvois by the Cardinal D'Estrees, is so curious that we must give it in his own words:—

"On the 25th of June Le Gut placed himself as a sentinel near Ouir's house, but so that he himself could not be seen. He saw the burgomaster go with his basket hanging about his neck. He followed him till he went into Mr. Cassoni's: at this moment he heard the clock strike eleven. Ouir came out an hour and a half after midnight. Le Gut dressed himself this night as a porter, with his two servants. These three personages followed the burgomaster. As soon as he was about a thousand paces from the Vatican, they saw he took his way along a small street; as soon as he was entered they mended their pace, overtook him, and seized him, presenting a dagger to his throat. As soon as Ouir was at their discretion, Le Gut rummaged him, but found nothing on him: this obliged him to take away his basket full of artificial fruits: he gave it to Le Breton, who brought to me. I waited, sire, with impatience for your Le Gut, because he had sent me word he would come and sup with me, but that it would be too late. I then thought that he was about some enterprise for your service, which I could not divine. His valet entering my room, gave me the basket that Le Gut had taken from Ouir. It was no sooner opened than in my life I never saw anything better executed. I admired the fruits a little while, and then ranged them on my table. As soon as I had finished, I heard your Le Gut, who opened the back door of my closet, which obliged me to go into it; and he informed me, that after having taken the basket from Ouir, he conducted him to about ten paces from his door, and on that spot told him, that he had followed him ever since he had been at Rome, and that it was Signora Hortensia who was the cause of his letters and papers being taken some time ago, and it was she also who had occasioned the loss of his basket; and if during the course of next day he did not quit Rome, she would have him thrown into the Tiber. After Le Gut had acquainted me with his adventure, and that he had always spoken low Dutch to the burgomaster, he asked for supper, which being finished, he asked me what I would do with Ouir's merchandise. I told him I thought it so fine that I designed it for your majesty. Le Gut replied that he would open the whole, and in the mean time made my maitre d'hôtel, who waited on us, bring them. He broke all the fruits in my presence, which he had no sooner done, than I owned he had reason. We found all round these fruits brass wires under green silk that covered them, and

which were struck into the lemons, figs, and grapes, with little flags of paper writ in cypher. Le Gut took and ranged them according to their number, and decyphered them, and there were found the schemes a n good intentions of the Duke of Savoy for the ruin of your dominions."

By this means Louis was informed of all that his enemies were most anxious to keep from his knowledge. It was now proved to the Pope, beyond doubt, that his schemes were detected. Ouir immediately vanished from Rome, the flower shop was closed, and the Venitian boy sent home.

THE ROCK OF COOK'S DEATH.

Who is there amongst us that has not heard, or read, with feelings of enthusiasm, of the acts and deeds of our fellow countryman Cook? and who, amidst a community deriving such incalculable advantages as we now enjoy from his contributions to our geographical knowledge, can fail to hear his name without sentiments of generous emulation and pious respect. The son of a poor cottager, elevating himself to distinction in the naval service of his country, and then yielding his whole mental and physical energies to the hazardous pursuits of maritime science, surely speaks a moral to us all. Self-devotion, such as his, acknowledges no limits to the fruitful results of uncompromising perseverance, and in this spirit, regions, where the impress of man's foot was hitherto unknown, have been opened and discovered, and trackless portions of the globe made accessible to future navigators.

If the more recent contributions to nautical science, while placing the benefits of his earlier discoveries so easily within our reach, have had the effect of diminishing our estimate of the capabilities which were required to originate them, a little reflection will be sure to show how profitable a lesson we may sometimes read, by reverting to the deeds of a past generation while estimating those of our own.

The following lines, which describes a very remarkable scene, appeared anonymously some few years back in a newspaper under the title which appears above.

"Domain of England's enterprise! Thrones of the Southern wave!
The brightest flower on all your shores & the memory of the brave.
Between the mainland and a rock, one gorgeous afternoon,
A Spaniard of the ancient stamp had moored his brave galloon.
The slanting rays amid the blue delighted to unfold
That rock, until it glowed a mass of molten bronze of gold.
The captain, willing on his crew his learning to bestow,

Spoke out—"That rock was twice as large some twenty years ago;
For all the English ships, that here for trade or water come,
Strike off some fragments, which they bear as patriot relics home;
Relics of Cook their countryman, who there was sadly slain,
As great a sailor as e'er tried the undiscovered main.
Th se islands and a thousand more he opened to mankind,
And left his name, where'er he went, like a trail of light behind.
'A soul so brave is as our own—then let the good priest here
Say prayers to-morrow morn for Cook, the glorious mariner.'
The father murmured not—but one, whose face was dark with pride,
Said, "Twas but some base heretic, who thus had fitly died."
The captain answered, like a man of deeper heart than lore,
'If he had not our faith his soul must want the prayers the more.'
Thus was he silenced, and for Cook that matin mass was said,
Upon the very spot where he by savage hands had bled;
And all the while an albatross upon the mast-heap stood,
Turning an earnest gaze toward the rock of gallant blood.
Till when the sacred office ceas'd, away it slowly mov'd,
Its snow white wings, as parting from some ancient haunt beloved.
And never ship through perilous seas pursued a course more true,
And never wealthier home returned a captain and a crew."

The Wandering Jew

By EUGENE SUE.

Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulie's "Marguerite," &c.

VOLUME THE SIXTH.

CHAPTER IV.—PIERRE SIMON.

Marshal Simon, Duke of Ligny, was of tall stature. He wore a blue frock coat, which was buttoned to the top, with a knot of red ribbon attached to the button hole.

A more open, expansive, and chivalric countenance was seldom seen than that of the Marshal's. His forehead was high, his nose aquiline, his chin prominent, and his face was darkened by the rays of an Indian sun. His hair, cut short, was tinged with grey about the temples, but his eyebrows were dark as jet, as were also his large moustaches, while his walk was free and firm, and testified his military impetuosity. A man of the people—a man of intrepidity, he was as enlightened as generous—as generous as sincere. As some are proud of their high birth, so General Simon prided

himself upon his obscure origin; for he was proud of his father—a rigid republican—an intelligent and laborious artisan—who for forty years had been an honour to—an example and the glory of—the labouring classes. In accepting, with gratitude, the aristocratic title which the Emperor had awarded him, Pierre Simon had acted like those good hearted people, who, receiving from an affectionate friend, a useless gift, accept it with gratitude, on account of the hand that bestowed it. Yet his devotedness for the Emperor did not result from blind enthusiasm. His admiration was grave and strictly reasonable. Unlike those men who love fighting for fighting's sake, Marshal Simon admired his hero, not only as the first general in existence, but he admired him because the Emperor had only engaged in war, with the intention of bringing about universal peace throughout the world.

When Marshal Simon entered the room, his countenance wore a melancholy expression, but when his eye rested on Dagobert, a spark of joy played upon his lips, and with open arms he ran to the ex-grenadier, saying, "My old friend, my old friend!"

Dagobert remained silent; but his eyes were moistened.

"Well, you were here by the 13th of February," said the Marshal.

"Yes, General; but everything is put off for four months."

"And my wife—my child!"

At that question Dagobert startled, and hung down his head.

"My General, they are not here," said Dagobert, becoming deadly pale, while the cold perspiration started on his forehead like studded pearls.

"You frighten me," said the Marshal, becoming as pale as the soldier.

At that moment Adrienne, seeing the painful position in which Dagobert was placed, advanced, and said with emotion, "Marshal Simon, my name is Adrienne de Cardoville—I am related to your dear children."

At these words, the Marshal turned suddenly round, looked at Adrienne, and said, "You, mademoiselle, a relation of my children."

"Yes, Marshal, of your children, two amiable twin sisters."

"Twins," exclaimed the General, with joy. Two children instead of one. And their mother—how happy she must be."

Dagobert, becoming more and more embarrassed, avoided the looks of the Marshal, while Adrienne cast her eyes downwards without replying.

"Mademoiselle," cried Marshal Simon, "I conjure you to be frank with me; for my anxiety is beyond bearing. What is the

matter? My daughters—my wife! Are they ill—are they in danger?”

“Your daughters, sir,” said Adrienne, “have suffered from the fatigue of the long voyage, but no danger is to be anticipated in respect to them.”

“It is my wife, then, who is in danger?”

“Courage, courage,” said Adrienne, mournfully; “you must seek consolation in the tenderness of the two angels that are spared you.”

“My General,” said Dagobert, gravely, “I have come from Siberia alone with your two daughters.”

“Their mother! their mother!” cried the Marshal.

“The day after her death, I set out with the two orphans.”

“Dead! dead!” exclaimed the Marshal, staggering into a chair, and hiding his face with his hands.

For several minutes nothing was heard but stifled groans; then recovering himself, the Marshal said, “Pardon me, mademoiselle, I could not overcome my first emotion. Allow me to retire. I have a few sad, sad questions to ask of my worthy friend respecting my wife during her last moments. Have the kindness then to send for my children—my poor orphans.”

“A few minutes ago, sir,” said Adrienne, “we expected your children here, but our hopes have been deferred; we must, however, not despair.”

“Despair!” said the Marshal, looking first at Adrienne, then at Dagobert; “despair of what, my God?”

“Of seeing your children. Your presence will render the search more efficacious.”

“The search! My daughters are not here, then?”

“No, sir,” said Adrienne; “they were taken away from that good and affectionate man, and placed in a convent.”

“Wretch!” shouted the Marshal, going up to Dagobert, with a threatening aspect. “You will be answerable to me for all.”

“My General,” said Dagobert, with a firm voice, and with an air of resignation; “I deserve your anger. It is my fault. Obligated to quit Paris for a day, I left the children in the charge of my wife, whose confessor, having turned her head, persuaded her that the children would be better in a convent than at our house. She believed him, and allowed them to be taken away; and now at this convent, they say that the children are not there. This is the truth! Do with me now as you please. It is my duty to be silent and to suffer.”

“It is infamous!” cried the Marshal, pointing at Dagobert with a gesture of indignation. “My God! if that man has deceived me, in whom then can we put reliance?”

“Do not accuse him, Marshal,” said Adrienne, “he risked not only his life, but his honour, to get the poor girls out of the convent.”

“Where is the convent? Show me it. They know not what a father is when robbed of his children.”

The Marshal had scarcely finished the sentence when Rodin, holding Rose and Blanche by the hand, appeared.

Mademoiselle de Cardoville was the first one who perceived Rodin. In running to him, she said, “Ah! I am not deceived; our guardian angel.”

The two orphans were immediately locked in the arms of the father; and before the lapse of an hour, Adrienne, the Mayeux, the Marshal, and his two daughters, left the asylum.

Having concluded this episode, a few words on the morality of convents may not be found inappropriate.

We have said elsewhere, and we say still, that the inspection of religious houses, which are regulated by the legislature, is faulty, and requires amelioration. Facts, recently brought before a court of justice, bear out the opinion which we have formed.

It is true that the magistrate has the power of visiting these houses; but it is also true that, from the numerous matters which require the attention of the magistrates, these visits are rare indeed.

Would it not be advisable for the civil authorities to visit, periodically, the respective convents and seminaries.

Recent facts prove that violence has been resorted to—that barbarous treatment, that illegal imprisonment, are deeds frequently perpetrated in those places devoted to religious purposes. A periodical investigation might put an entire stop to these infamous acts.

CHAPTER V.—THE INDIANS IN PARIS.

Three days after Adrienne had left the house of Doctor Baleinier, the following scene occurred, in a little house in the Rue Blanche, to which Djalma had been conducted.

In a beautiful apartment, which was fitted up in all the splendour and elegance of oriental grandeur, the young Indian prince, with a long Turkish pipe in his hand, was reclining on a rich divan. His long raven-coloured hair was parted on his brow, and fell negligently on a neck of classic beauty; his chin was resting on his right hand; and the large sleeve of his robe, upturned as far as the elbow, left exposed on an arm, as rounded as that of a woman, the mysterious signs that had been tattooed on it by the Strangler. In his left hand, he held the amber tube of his pipe. His magnificent white cashmere robe was on-

riched with a border, variegated with a thousand colours, and fastened at the wrist, by a beautiful orange-coloured shawl. His soft, yet masculine features, expressed that melancholy and contemplative calmness, which is habitual in both Indians and Arabs, who uniting the meditative indolence of the dreamer to the fiery energy of the man of action, are as delicate, nervous, and sentimental as women, at the same time as determined, ferocious, and sanguinary as bandits. The large dark eyes of Djalma wandered vacantly about the apartment, and from time to time, he placed the amber tube of his pipe to his mouth, and slowly inhaling the smoke, opened his red lips, whose colour was enhanced by the dazzling whiteness of his teeth, and sent it forth in spiral columns, that were rendered fragrant, by the perfume of roses, through which they slowly ascended.

"Shall I put some more tobacco in the pipe," demanded Faranghea, who was kneeling on a rich Turkey carpet.

The young prince remained silent, either from the disdain which the orientals entertain for certain races, or because he was so deeply absorbed in his reverie, that he had not heard the question.

The Strangler patiently waited for a reply, with his eyes riveted on the countenance of Djalma.

How was it that Faranghea, the blood-devotee of Bohwanie, had accepted so humble a situation as that which he now occupied, how was it that he did not sacrifice to this divinity; so distinguished a person as the son of Khadja-Sing? and why did he expose himself to the frequent visits of Rodin, who was aware of his former guilty career?

The sequel of this narrative will reply to these questions. We can only say at present, that the Strangler, at the close of a long interview, he had had with Rodin, left the latter with downcast eyes, and remarkably subdued in his demeanour.

After remaining silent for a considerable time, Djalma addressed Faranghea in that hyperbolic yet concise style which is so common in the east.

"The hour is passed, the good hearted old man has not arrived, but he will come; his word is his bond."

"His word is his bond, Monseigneur," repeated Faranghea. "When he visited you three days ago, in that house, where those wretches, for their own base designs, had conducted you after they, by a powerful opium, had sent you to sleep in the same manner in which I, your vigilant and devoted servant was sent, he said to you the unknown friend who sent a person in search of you at the chateau de Cardoville, has sent me to you. Have confidence in me, prince, and follow me; an abode worthy of you

has been prepared for you, and, Monseigneur, you will consent because your own interests require it, not to leave this house until my return, which will be in three days, and then you will be perfectly free.' To this you consented, Monseigneur, and you are aware you have now been three days here."

"I await the old man's return with impatience," said Djalma, "for this solitude weighs upon me; there must be so many things to admire at Paris! and especially——"

Djalma left the sentence unfinished, and relapsed into his reverie. After a few moments' silence, he said to Faranghea, with the tone of a sultan, "Speak to me."

"Of what, Monseigneur?"

"What you like," said Djalma, "an idea pursues me which I cannot evade; speak to me."

Faranghea, casting a keen glance at the Indian, saw that his features were flushed.

"Monseigneur," said he, "I guess your thoughts—you are thinking of the women of Paris."

"Silence there!" said Djalma, starting, as if the Strangler had probed a deep wound. Faranghea was silent. A few moments after Djalma cast away his pipe, and concealing his face in his hands, said, "Your words are preferable to this silence. Plague on me for evoking such phantoms!"

"Why should you shun them, Monseigneur? you are nineteen years old; your entire youth has been spent either in war or in prison, and you have remained as chaste as Gabriel, the young priest, who accompanied us on our voyage."

Although Faranghea had not in the least departed from his respectful deference towards the prince, there was something slightly sarcastic in the pronunciation of the word *chaste*, which did not escape the latter, who said, with a mixture of haughtiness and severity, "I do not wish to pass amongst this civilised people for a barbarian—as they term our people—therefore I glory in my chastity."

"I do not understand you, Monseigneur."

"I shall, perhaps, love a woman as pure as my mother was when she married my father; and here, to exact chastity in a wife, it is necessary to be as chaste as she is herself."

Faranghea could not conceal a derisive laugh at this idea.

"Why do you laugh, slave?" said the prince, imperiously.

"Amongst civilised people, as you term them, Monseigneur, if a man marry in the bloom of innocence, he is overwhelmed with ridicule."

"You lie, slave, he would not be ridiculed without he married a girl that was not chaste like himself."

"In that case, Monseigneur, he would be regarded as doubly ridiculous."

"You lie, or if you are telling the truth, who has informed you?"

"I have seen Parisian women at the Isle of France, and at Pondicherry, Monseigneur; besides, I learnt a good deal on our passage, from an officer, while you were talking with the young priest."

"Then these people are like the sultans in our harems; they require innocence in a woman after they have lost their own. To require what you cannot give in return, is to act as a master does to his slave—and what right have they to do that here?"

"The right of those who make the laws—it is the same as with us, Monseigneur."

"And a woman who is false, do they kill her?"

"Yes, Monseigneur, a woman who is detected, is, as with us, the same as dead."

"This is melancholy, if true," said Djalma, pensively; then he added, in that figurative and mystic style, common to his countrymen, "Slave, what you have told me has made me sad. The meeting of two dewdrops on a flower is like the joining of two hearts, in pure and unsullied love; two rays of fire united in an inseparable flame, are like the burning and eternal joys of two lovers that are joined in marriage."

Djalma spoke of the chaste enjoyments of the soul, with an inexpressible charm, but in picturing to himself a delightful ideal, his eyes sparkled like stars; and a slight shudder passed through him; his nostrils dilated, his pale golden coloured complexion became like vermillion, and he relapsed again into a profound reverie. Faranghea having remarked the emotion, said, "And if, like the sultan of our woods, the proud and brilliant bird of paradise of our own clime, you would prefer to a solitary and lonely love, numerous and varied pleasures, handsome, young, and rich as you are, Monseigneur, if you were to seek those seducing young ladies of Paris—those voluptuous phantoms and charming tormentors of your dreams; if you were to cast on them a look as bold as a defiance, suppliant as a prayer, or as burning as desire; do you believe that many an eye would not glisten from the fire of your glance? Then would you believe the monotonous enjoyment of solitary love. No, you would have the thousand voluptuous delights of the harem; but a harem, peopled with women proud and free, whom love would make your slaves. Believe me, ardent and magnificent son of our clime, you would become the pride and idol of the most seducing women in the world, who would soon bestow, on you alone, their languishing and passionate glances of love."

The expression of the young Indian's features underwent a complete change as he

listened to Faranghea. He was no longer a melancholy dreamer, who could find only in dew drops and flowers, images sufficiently chaste to describe the purity of his love; he no longer blushed as he thought of married joys—no, the incitement of the Stranger had roused a slumbering fire—the prince's features became suddenly inflamed, his eyes sparkled, and the thickness of his breathing announced the boiling ardour of his newly awakened passions. Springing suddenly from the divan, with the agility of a tiger, he seized Faranghea by the throat, saying, "Your words are burning poison."

"Monseigneur," said Faranghea, without opposing the slightest resistance, your slave is your slave."

This submission disarmed the prince.

A few moments after, an elegant carriage, with richly caparisoned horses, stopped in a bye street at the garden gates of this house. Two ladies, Mademoiselle de Cardoville, and Florine, were in the carriage.

CHAPTER VI.—THE REVEIL.

It will be necessary to take a retrospective view of Mademoiselle de Cardoville, at the garden gate of the house occupied by Djalma.

When Adrienne left the house of Doctor Baleinier, she went to the mansion in the Rue d'Anjou, which she had caused to be richly furnished some months previous to leaving her aunt; and it was now further embellished by the addition of all the elegance and costliness that had so recently decorated the pavilion of the hotel de St. Dixier. Wishing to have persons about her in whom she could place confidence, she sent for M. Dupont, her old agent, at the chateau de Cardoville, to come and take charge of her household in Paris. Her friend, the Comte de Montbron, advised her to enlarge her establishment by taking an equerry, and he recommended to her, to fill this situation, a man of good education, beyond the middle age, who was an amateur in the way of horses, and who had ruined himself in England, at Newmarket, the Derby, and Tattersall's. Such was M. de Bonneville, the protégé of the Comte de Montbron. Hebe, Georgette, and Florine, had returned to Adrienne. Florine was compelled by Rodin to act still as a spy on her mistress. Adrienne had taken the Mayeux to live with her, and had appointed her to be the dispenser of her charity; an office which the latter, from the sufferings she had undergone, her perfect knowledge of the wants of the labouring classes, the natural kindness of her disposition, and her rare penetration and activity—was admirably qualified to fill.

We will now speak of the day's events, which had preceded Mademoiselle de Cardoville's arrival at the garden gate of the house in the Rue Blanche.

It was about ten o'clock in the morning. Adrienne had just awoke, and was reclining in a graceful attitude, with her elbow leaning on her pillow, and her head in a drooping posture, which heightened the charm of the beautiful contour of her neck and shoulders. The current or the caprice of her thoughts, soon brought her to think of Djalma. M. de Montbron had promised, at her request, to introduce her royal tiger to the fashionable world, in the saloons of Paris.

"As to myself, my dear comte," said she to M. de Montbron, with her habitual frankness, "my resolution is unalterable. You have told me that the appearance of prince Djalma—an Indian, only nineteen years old, of surprising beauty, and as proud and as untamed as a young lion, just from the forest, will produce a novel and extraordinary effect. The coquetry of civilised life will sorely beset him. Therefore, my dear comte, it would not become me to wish to rival the beautiful dames, that will intrepidly expose themselves to the claws of your tiger. I am much interested in the young prince, because he is my cousin, and because he is handsome and brave,—but more especially as he is not dressed in our horrible European fashion. These are doubtless rare qualities, but they are not sufficient to make me change my opinion at present. Besides my good old philosopher has given me advice concerning our Indian, which you, who are no philosopher, have approved, that is, for some time, not to see my royal cousin."

"But," said M. de Montbron, "how long will the exile of our tiger last?"

"Oh," replied Adrienne, "that will depend on the opinion I form of him. I shall abstain or prolong the exile of my royal cousin, as circumstances may require."

Such were Mademoiselle de Cardoville's intentions respecting Djalma, the very morning on which she and Florine stopped at the garden gate belonging to the house which the young prince occupied.

Adrienne had, this morning, reflected a long time on something which the throbbings of her heart told her was necessary to her happiness. At length she rang a little bell, and Hebe presented herself in a new and beautiful costume.

"Where is Florine," said Adrienne.

"She went out two hours ago, Mademoiselle, respecting something that was very urgent."

"Who called for her."

"The young person who is your secretary, Mademoiselle; she went out very early

this morning, and on her return she asked for Florine, who went out, and has not since returned."

"Her absence is, no doubt, connected with some important affair of my angelic minister of alms," said Adrienne, with a smile, as she thought of the Mayeux.

About two hours after Adrienne had risen, she sent for the Mayeux, whom she treated with marked deference, and always received her in private.

The young work-girl entered hastily, her face was pale and agitated, and she said, in a trembling voice, "Ah, Mademoiselle, my presentiments did not deceive me—you are betrayed!"

"What presentiments do you allude to, my dear child, and who is it that betrays me?" said Adrienne.

"Monsieur Rodin!" replied the Mayeux.

(To be continued.)

ROSE LE FUR; OR THE FUNERAL PALL OF FLORRESCAT.

A LEGEND OF BRETAGNY.

[Startling legends are rather abundant in Brittany. A recent tourist, compelled to seek shelter in a farm house, on a stormy night, was entertained with the following tale, by a mendicant—who on the same occasion had claimed hospitality.]

"There was formerly at Florrescat, a young maiden, named Rose le Fur, beautiful as the dawn, and as lively as a girl just released from the convent might be expected to appear.

"But bad advice had ruined her; Rose was become as light as an oat-reed, carried hither and thither by the breath of pleasure, dreaming only of pardons, the flatteries of young men, and fine attire to captivate silly hearts. She was no longer to be seen at church or confessional; at the hour of vespers she walked jauntily with her lovers, and even at All Saints she came not to pray on her mother's grave.

"God punishes wicked children; listen, my dears, to the history of Rose le Fur, of Florrescat.

"One evening, very late, she had been to a wake, far from home, to listen to amorous love tales by the fire-side, she returned alone, humming a song she had learned from a young Roscovite. Arrived at the church-yard, she mounted the steps as blithely as a bird of the month of May.

"As she reached the top midnight sounded; but the young maiden thought only of the handsome Roscovite who had taught her the song. She did not even cross herself, or whisper a prayer for those who slept beneath her feet; but traversed the sacred ground daring as an infidel. She

was already opposite the church door, when casting her eyes around, she perceived that on every grave was a white cloth, retained at the four corners by four black stones. She halted. At this moment she was before her mother's grave, but in place of a holy horror, urged on by the Fiend, Rose stooped down, seized the pall upon the grave, and carried it home.

"She went to bed and speedily fell asleep; but lo! a fearful dream came over her.

"She fancied herself laid out in a churchyard; a grave opened before her, the hand of a skeleton extended itself, and a voice exclaimed, 'Give me back my pall.' At the same moment she felt herself attracted towards the grave by an invisible power.

"She awoke with a loud shriek; thrice did she fall asleep, and thrice did the same dream come over her.

"So soon as daylight arrived, Rose la Fur, with terror both in heart and eyes, hurried to the rector, and related all that had befallen her.

"She made a full confession to him, and bewailed her faults, for she now felt that she had sinned.

"The rector was a true apostle, kind to the poor, mild of speech: 'Daughter,' said he, 'you have profaned the grave; this night, at the mid-hour, go to the churchyard, and replace the pall whence you have taken it.'

"The poor Rose burst into tears, for all her daring had vanished.

"But the rector proceeded, 'Be of good courage, I will be in the church praying for you—you will hear my voice from the place where you will be.'

"The maiden promised to perform what the priest enjoined.

"When night arrived, and at the appointed hour, she betook herself to the churchyard; her legs trembled under her, everything swam before her eyes. As she entered, the moon suddenly shrouded herself, and the mid-hour struck.

"For awhile nought was heard.

"At length the rector exclaimed, 'My child, where art thou? take courage, I am praying for thee.'

"I am by the grave of my mother' replied a feeble and distant voice; 'father, leave me not.'

"There was silence.

"Be of good courage, I am praying for thee,' repeated the priest, in a loud voice.

"Father, the graves open, and the dead rise.'

"This time the voice was so feeble that one would have supposed it came from afar.

"Take courage,' reiterated the good priest.

"Father, father,' murmured a still, small voice, 'they are laying out their palls upon the graves. Father, father, do not abandon me.'

"I pray for thee, daughter; what seest thou?"

"I see the grave of my mother heave; see! see! oh, father! father!"

"The priest lent an ear for a moment; he caught nothing save a faint and indescribable murmur—suddenly there came a shriek—then a loud noise as of a thousand tombs reclosing—soon all was hushed.

"The rector threw himself on his knees, and prayed with all his soul, for he was sore affrighted.

"On the morrow they sought for Rose la Fur in vain—Rose la Fur returned no more.

MORAL.

"Young men and maidens, may this tale be a warning to you. Be devout towards God, be affectionate towards your parents, punishment will surely fall on light heads and wicked hearts."

HARBOURS OF REFUGE ON THE SOUTH-EASTERN COAST OF ENGLAND.

BY EDWARD PORTWINE.

NO. II.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MIRROR.

In a former number of the MIRROR (Nov. 19th, 1844), I commenced a series of papers on Harbours of Refuge on the South Eastern coast of Kent. Press of other matter no doubt induced you to forego the publication of the remaining papers on this important subject. At that time I had a presentiment that the government would soon take the matter into their own powerful hands. My predictions are now verified, and humanity, as well as sound policy, has induced the cabinet to indicate to the parliament, that they intend, not only to construct two or more harbours of refuge for vessels under stress of weather, but also to increase our naval armament; two propositions with which, we can safely predict, the country will cheerfully concur. The coast of Kent and Sussex is familiar to my childhood, and deeply interesting to my mature existence—familiar, alas! from the horrors which I have witnessed on its dangerous shoals and sands. Few persons who have lived on these coasts but have mourned in bitterness of spirit over the loss of fathers, mothers, lovers, and relations, either swallowed up by the mighty deep, or, what is more harrowing, but unfortunately germane to our argument on harbours of refuge, cast on the strand as evidences of the neglectfulness and cruelty of former governments, in not making attempts to save human life and property. The dawn of a better era is approaching, every indication is evinced by our rulers to effect good to the masses, and I confidently anticipate

that the measures now maturing by the government for the prevention of shipwrecks, will be characterised by strict impartiality and sound judgment, aided by science and knowledge. It is my desire that every information should be afforded the executive; and for this purpose I resume the publication of the papers on this subject.

It may be as well to state, that although surveyors report on various places as eligible for constructing these necessary harbours, yet it must be admitted that persons, however eminent they may be in their profession, if not inhabitants of the coast, can possess but limited knowledge; hence, I conceive it to be a duty to add to the amount of information already derived, in order to guide the government in their selection of sites for the contemplated works.

In my first paper, I spoke of Dover, and before travelling westward along the coast from this place, I will add a few more sentences on this port. If, unfortunately, this place is selected, as the silly and declining print, to which I alluded, seems to desire, although the author of the paper admitted to the writer that he had never visited Dover, where are the government to erect warehouses, and construct docks, &c.? The sapient writer in the *Artizan* has endeavoured to elevate the capabilities of Dover into a Liverpool, which exhibits such an ignorance of the locality, that did I not know that the editor of the publication is as ignorant as his contributor of this locality, I should conceive that they had some sinister motives in their advocacy of this scheme. Persons acquainted with Dover are aware that every spot of ground, from the beetling cliffs to the verge of the strand, east, west, and north, and even as elevated as it is possible with safety, houses are built, and when it is understood that these cliffs rise abruptly from the strand, or nearly so, every available acre is already occupied by substantial buildings. Certainly, if this property is to be destroyed, then *small* docks and warehouses might supersede them; but then every space would be required for *backwater*, without which a harbour is of no utility. These buildings, occupying the remaining space, would be so ridiculously contracted, that Pickford's establishment would be superior to any of them. Dover is a port adapted only for *small* craft, and it will ever be selected as the highway to the continent of Europe; but to suppose that a ship of 1500 or 2000 tons burthen could approach the contemplated stupendous breakwater, is the height of absurdity. I shall now proceed along the most interesting but *least* dangerous part of the coast. The white cliffs rising to 400 feet with their bold outlines and strongly marked characters, now present themselves, and they will ever afford certain *landmarks* to vessels in the

Channel; and however interesting they may be to the traveller and historian, they claim but little of the attention of engineers on this subject. For a distance of about five miles, the "white cliffs of Albion" present elevations and depressions until they abruptly terminate in a limited but beautiful table-land, which conducts the traveller to the town of Folkestone—the St. Maloes of England.

Folkestone is probably the worst constructed town in the three kingdoms, lying in a deep valley, with low and precipitous cliffs of sandstone; the streets, if streets they may be called, wind in a zig-zag course, and it is very dangerous to drive or ride up or down them. Indeed, some of these streets are impassable for horses or carriages. The town reaches to the water's edge, and if the place wears a truly deplorable and outlandish appearance, what can be said of its ditch-looking apology for a harbour of refuge? The projector of a harbour for ships under a stress of weather in a situation like this, is as foolish as to construct one amidst the swamps of Sandwich. A low range of sand-hills, with a shoal-like shore—the red sandstone, by the action of the saline element, gives off a quantity of matter, which, by the re-action of the water, casts upon the sand a slimy substance in large quantities, so as to form a complete bar in the mouth of the old harbour; this mud has completely choked the area within the basin. Thus we have a strand of rocks, and a muddy shore, which, if the Lords of the Admiralty will have the goodness to remove, then with the assistance of a power superior to any lord on earth, they might remove also the shingle so as to permit a moderate sized *coal-trader* to approach the pier, but at present there is some difficulty for small steam-vessels which ply from this wretched place to approach the works now constructing, which have cost the railroad speculators upwards of £90,000. A harbour of refuge on "a grand scale" at Folkestone could only be conceived by an utter ignorance of the place and strand. The writer in the *Artizan*, to whom I have alluded, admits, but with evident reluctance, that "*it entirely wants those artificial accompaniments of a great harbour, all of which are possessed by Dover!*"

I have plainly stated the capabilities of of Dover, and when it is understood that the amount of information of this voracious writer, the reader will, I trust, receive such information with caution. In fact, the article alluded to was "*written up*" from the report of the committee on shipwrecks, and imposed on the editor of the *Artizan* as original matter.

(To be continued.)

Reviews.

Curiosities of Heraldry, with Illustrations from Old English Writers. By Mark Anthony Lower. [Smith.]

There is much curious research and many interesting details to be found in this volume. The fabulous history of heraldry carries back the science rather higher in the stream of time than most readers would expect; or, more properly speaking, it gives heraldry existence before Time itself, by stating that in Heaven there were "V orders of angelis," before the fall of Lucifer, "in *cote armoris* of knowledge," which, by that catastrophe, were reduced to four.

Morgan, "an enthusiastic armourest of the seventeenth century," is sober enough to begin with Adam in the garden of Eden, thus confirming the *Grave-digger's* assertion in *Hamlet*, "that he was the first who bore arms." Sir John Ferne does the like. The following details are then supplied, which we opine will be new to many readers of the Old Testament.

"Noah, according to the Boke of St. Albans, 'came a *gentilman* by kynde.... and had iij sonnys begetya by kinde.... yet in theys iij sonnys gentleness and ungentleness was founde.' The sin of Ham degraded him to the condition of a churl; and upon the partition of the world between the three brethren Noah pronounced a malediction against him. 'Wicked kaytiff,' says he, 'I give to thee the north part of the world to draw thine habitation, for there shall it be, where sorrow and care, cold and mischief, as a churle in the third part of the world which shall be called Europe, that is to say, the contre of churlis!' 'Japeth,' he continues, 'come hither, my son, thou shall have my blessing here... I make thee a gentlemen of the west part of the world and of Asia, that is to say, the contre of gentlemen.' He then in like manner creates Sem a gentleman, and gives him Africa, or 'the contre of tempurnes.' 'Of the offspring of the gentleman Japeth come Abraham, Moses, Aaron, and the prophets, and also the king of the right line of Mary, of whom the gentleman Jesus—king of the land of Judea and the Jews, gentleman by his mother Mary prince[ss] of cote-armure!'—'Japhet made the first target and therein he made a ball in token of all the world.' Morgan's researches do not seem to have furnished him with the arms of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, but those of the twelve patriarchs are given by him and others. Joseph's 'coat of many colours,' Morgan, by a strange oversight, makes to consist of two tinctures only, viz. black chequered with white—in the language of heraldry, chequy sable and argent,—to denote the lights and shadows of his history."

Proceeding to the true history of heraldry, Mr. Lower proves, from a mass of valuable evidence, the real antiquity, as well as the importance, of the science. He has succeeded in bringing forward many facts which are not only striking in themselves, but are important from their connexion with our early annals, laws, and customs. In the mottoes he quotes, there is a strange mixture of piety, punning, shrewdness, and folly; and the clear explanations supplied on various topics, must render the work of great value to those who wish to understand heraldry, which certainly puts forth no small claims to the notice of the student and the scholar.

Every subject of importance on which the author touches, is illustrated with clever engravings. The crest of Dudley of Northamptonshire, Bart., gives the following:—

"Out of a ducal coronet or, a woman's bust: her hair dishevelled, bosom bare, a helmet on her head with the stay or throat-latch down proper.' From a MS. in the possession of this family, written by a monk about the close of the fourteenth century, it appeared that the father of Agnes Hotot (who, in the year 1395, married an ancestor of the Dudleys), having a quarrel with one Ringsdale concerning the proprietorship of some land, they agreed to meet on the 'debateable ground,' and decide their right by combat. Unfortunately for Hotot, on the day appointed he was seriously ill; "but his daughter Agnes, unwilling that he should lose his claim, or suffer in his honour, armed herself cap-a-pie, and, mounting her father's steed, repaired to the place of decision, where, after a stubborn encounter, she dismounted Ringsdale, and when he was on the ground, she loosened the stay of her helmet, let down her hair about her shoulders, and, disclosing her bosom, discovered to him that he had been conquered by a woman." This valiant lady became the heiress of her family, and married a Dudley, whence the latter family derived their right to this crest.

However solemn the great objects of heraldry, it is amusing to find that female artifice knew how to turn it to account while living, and female vanity to claim its gorgeous distinctions when dead. The extract which follows, and the accompanying engraving, will establish both these points, and with that for the present, we must conclude.

"Nisbet mentions a fashion formerly prevalent in Spain, which certainly ranks under the category of 'Curiosities,' and therefore demands a place here. Single women frequently divided their shield per pale, placing their paternal arms on the sinister side, and leaving the dexter blank, for those of their husbands, as soon as they should be so fortunate as to obtain them. This,

says mine author, "was the custom for young ladies that were resolved to marry; These were called 'Arms of Expectation.' The gorgeous decoration of



the male costume with the ensigns of heraldry soon attracted the attention and excited the emulation of that sex which is generally foremost in the adoption of personal ornaments. Yes, incongruous as the idea appears to modern dames, the ladies too assumed the embroidered coat of arms! On the vest of close-fitting garment they represented the paternal arms, repeating the same ornament, if *femmes soles*, or single women, on the more voluminous upper robe; but if married women, this last was occupied by the arms of the husband, an arrangement not unaptly expressing their condition as *femmes-couvertes*. This mode of wearing the arms was afterwards laid aside, and the ensigns of husband and wife were impaled on the outer garment, a fashion which existed up to the time of Henry VIII, as appears from the annexed engraving of Elizabeth, wife of John Shelley, Esq. copied from a brass in the parish church of Clapham, co. Sussex.

TO OUR CAT,

Asleep in our Newspaper Printing Office.

BY THOMAS DOUBLEDAY, ESQ.

(For the Mirror.)

Yes, puss, thou sleepest sound and snug, poor Puss!
And little, drowsy parasite, dost thou deem
Whilst in oblivion deep thou slum'st rest thus,
Thy quiet brain untroubled by a dream,
How many a product of a teeming skull,
Brilliant themselves, conspire to make thee dull!
There lies a wondrous chronicle of those
Whose restless fates must tempt the uncertain
billow;

Whilst here a sleepless lover pours his woes,
And all to make thee, drowsy thing, a pillow.
The noisy puffer of his goods so cheap,
Who wakes all else—but settles thee to sleep,

Thou never mad'st a voyage—that is certain;
Dear Puss, thou'rt shy of wetting e'en thy feet;
And if thou hast amours behind the curtain,
Although thy sonnets are not very sweet,
I do not doubt but they are as sincere,
As his whose ditty lieth at thine ear.

No goods hast thou, poor puss, whereof to bawl;
No shop to garnish, and to raise no rental—
A pretty proof, when thou dost caterwaul.
That thy love-tale is purely sentimental!
In worldly goods if thou wast better found,
Depend on't, puss, thou would'st not sleep so sound.

Whether thou dream'st or not, I e'nnot say,
Amid the fantasies on which thou liest;
But if thou dost, a wager I would lay
That, of the two, thy dreams are not the driest.
And, whensoever it pleases thee to rise;
Perhaps thy "day-dreams" may be just as wise.

Eh! what! I see that whisking tail of thine,
And moving eyelids—I can mark all that.
Hast got thy paw on a sarcastic line,
That shows up some great House of Commons'
Rat?

Or some gazette, that notes, in great surprise,
Some breed of vice white mice, with nice red eyes

Nay! whence all this uncatlike restlessness?
Art dreaming of O'Connell's Agitation?
There's solemn fast at Down, I guess,
And "fish" is high in thy imagination!
Or is't Rebecca, in thy fantasies,
Regaling thee with curds and toasted cheese?

Zounds! thou hast got upon that list so black,
Yeapt of Marriages, and eke of Deaths.
Yet what, Grimalkin, takes thee so aback?
Thy "tender unions" have but short lived
breaths.

No wife to wake thee up with voice so shrill,
Nor children that work *their*—and scorn *thy*—will.

Now, thou hast chased some "ninth November"
doings,
Gilt coaches, civic dinners, and all that—
Feasts of prime ministers, toasts, speeches,
Stories of Whittington and eke his cat—
Gadzooks! what a yaw and gape is there!
Dost think that we are going to be Lord Mayor!

Another stretch! why, Tom, boy, what a fashion
Is that for cat to sleep in! By St. Paul,
Out goes another leg! Art in a passion,
Or practising the Polka for next ball?
Hast got thy head on Ainsworth's last romances,
Is thy night-cap one of Jullien's dances?

Another still, zooks! out go all the four—
Hast got our sporting column in thy pate,
Upon the Derby hast thou had a snore,
And now art bent on starting for some plate?
Nay, if for gravity I had prized thee,
I'd swear that Spenser Hall had mesmerised thee.

Well, thou'rt awake, at last—Plague take thy
frisks!

Will there ne'er be an end to human ills?
Dost see, wild cat, that thou hast put to risks
Our very newest puff of Wesley's Pills?
Take heed, if thou carest on this way,
Thou gettest not a dose thyself, some day.

Here's a rare coil—"Proofs, copy, and revises,"
Crushed altogether in a sort most curvy!
This precious world of ours may think it rises—
Toss'd by a cat, in this way, topsy-turvy.
Let e'er again thy sleep our calling cumber.
By Jove, sweet puss, but we'll revise thy slumber.

Office, One o'clock in the morning.

The Catherine.

Presentiment of Death.—The night before the battle in which General Wolfe was killed, at the taking of Quebec, he had an interview with his friend Jervis, afterwards Earl St. Vincent, when he told him that he had the strongest presentiment that he should be killed in the fight of to-morrow. He then unbuttoned his waistcoat, and taking from his bosom the miniature of a young lady, with whose heart his own "blended," he delivered it to Commander Jervis, entreating, that if the foreboding came to pass, he would himself return it to her on his arrival in England. Wolfe's presages were fulfilled, and Jervis had the painful duty of delivering the pledge to Miss Lowther.

A Sixpence.—"Why are you so melancholy?" said the Duke of Marlborough to a soldier, after the battle of Blenheim. "I am thinking," said the man, "how much blood I have shed for sixpence."

Parliamentary Debates in Portugal.—In some of the countries where an imitation of the forms of the British constitution are attempted to be imitated, odd scenes are often witnessed. In the Portuguese parliament, we are told one of the members of the opposition says to a crown minister, "Under your government all is concussion and simony!" The minister rises, and calls out, "When you were in the cabinet, you robbed far more daringly." "No!" shouts the other, "you are the bigger thief!" In vain the president rings for order with all the might of his arm; nobody listens to any voice save his own; several rise at once, mount the forms, and declaim, while the gallery accompanies the fracas with loud cheers.

Education in America.—The number of scholars in the United States educated at the public cost, in 1840, amounted to 468,284; each State possessing schools for this purpose, with the exception of Arkansas and Iowa. A curious return is given of the number of white persons above twenty years who can neither read nor write: these amount to 549,693 or 12.79 of the entire white population.

Ancient Luxury.—In the olden time a Welch chief had a foot-bearer, who warmed in his bosom the feet of the Welch chief as the latter sat at meat. [Such a bosom friend was his sole comfort.]

A State Secret.—It has lately been positively stated that, till after the fall of Bonaparte, nothing was publicly known in France of the battle of Trafalgar, fought in 1805. This was, perhaps, the greatest secret that ever was kept for so long a period.

A Treat.—When the Arabs take an ostrich they cut its throat, and making a ligature below the opening, they shake the bird as if they were rining a barrel. Then, taking off the ligature, there runs from the throat of the animal a quantity of blood, mixed with fat, which is esteemed a dainty.

Brostation.—This science is now, since ascents were first suggested by Wilkins and Land, ninety years old. When the first balloon went up, some one inquired what was the good of it. Dr. Franklin aptly replied, "What is the good of a new-born infant?" The infant ought, by this, to have given promise of a useful maturity.

Hints to the Fair.—An old writer says "It sometimes happens that young ladies, especially those of Florence, endeavour to heighten their beauty by the application of medical waters and colours to their skin. But as women who fear God do not use these things, and as I do not wish to make myself obnoxious to them, or to incur the displeasure of God and our Lady, I shall say no more on this subject. But I advise you, if you desire to preserve your complexion for a long period, to wash yourself with water from fountains, rivers, or wells; and I warn you, that if you use cosmetics your face will soon become withered, your teeth black, and you will become old before the natural course of time, and be the ugliest object possible."

The Sea.—But for the moving of the sea by winds, tides, and currents, Sir John Hawkins declared it would corrupt the whole world. Lying with a fleet at the Azores, in 1590, he says he was becalmed for nearly six months, and the consequence was, the sea became so replenished with various sorts of gellies and forms of serpents, adders, and snakes, as seemed wonderful; some green, some black, some yellow, some white, and some of divers colours; and many of them had life; and some were a yard and a half or two yards long.

Anecdote of Harlay.—The first president of the parliament of Paris was unusually distinguished for his mortifying politeness. He could do things which drove those whom it affected to the verge of madness, with the utmost complacency, and no resentment which they provoked could, for a moment, ruffle him. The Duchess de Forté, much exasperated with him, one day while descending his staircase, called him "an old baboon;" she found he was close behind her, but hoped it had not been heard, for no change in his manner was visible. He put her into her carriage with the usual prostrations. Shortly after her cause came on, and judgment was quickly given in her favour. The Duchess ran to the president, and overwhelmed him with her gra-

titude. He, as usual, plunged into his reverences, and was full of humility and modesty, till he caught an opportunity when all eyes were upon them; then looking her full in the face, he said, "Madam, I am delighted that an old baboon can do a favour for an old ape." The duchess would have killed him on the spot; he, however, recommenced his reverences, and bowed her out.

Treasure Trove.—Harrison in his "Description of Britain" states, that in the time of Henry VIII, a man found as he eared (ploughed) an arming girdle, harnessed with pure gold, with spurs of gold and other precious things. The knights of former days must have been rich as well as brave.

Sculpture at Rome.—Among the monuments of the eternal city, the Rising of Lazarus is often repeated, he is always represented in swaddling clothes. We see Moses striking the rock and two children drinking the water that issues; Noah standing in a small tub to denote the ark, whilst the dove flies towards him with an olive branch in her mouth: Jonah swallowed by the whale, and afterwards thrown up again, is a favourite incident, and the throat of the monster is remarkably narrow, as it were to make the miracle greater.

A Lesson for Listeners.—The celebrated Duke de Daugan hated his niece Madame de Biron, but was attached to her husband. One day when he was said to be ill, both husband and wife ventured on tip-toe to the door of his room, and keeping behind the curtains, contrived to get a peep at him; but were perceived in the glass. Offended at this invasion of his sick chamber, which he attributed to avarice and a desire to ascertain whether he would soon be dead, he determined to make the parties repent, and to amuse himself at the same time. He began to pray aloud, in the character of a repentant sinner, to beg pardon for his past trespasses, and to hope that at least the goods which he possessed might serve to expiate his sins, and to promise that all should be left for pious uses without reserve, and to thank the Almighty for having left him this last means of escaping from the consequences of his iniquities. This prayer was uttered in a tone so penitent and with such apparent earnestness, that Biron and his wife never doubted for a moment that he was going to execute his design, and that they should be left without a penny. The sick duke sent for notaries, who drew up the will in the spirit of his prayer, and Madame de Biron was in despair. He, however, deferred adding his signature, and finding himself getting better and better, never signed it at all. This comedy greatly delighted him, and he often

laughed over it with some of his particular friends, on his recovery; for in spite of the strength of his disease, and his extreme old age, (he was ninety when he died), he got quite well.

The Landed Interest of Antiquity.—Among the ancient Germans a shepherd might drive his flock so far into a forest (the property of the hamlet), as that, standing beyond the head of the foremost sheep he could fling his crook out of the wood; and the woodman might cut wood as far as he could fling his axe. Grimm observes that this mode of admeasurement by throwing a spear or a stone is found in Homer, but that there are no traces of anything of the kind in the laws of the Greeks or the Romans.

Ancient Weapons.—In old times an iron hammer was greatly depended upon, as a martial weapon. It was especially that of the god Thor, and was esteemed so peculiarly holy as to be the regular sign of consecration. Thus in the hands of the Count of Nassau it was an instrument of war; in those of the archbishop, traditionally perhaps, one of religion.

The Marquis of Westminster died on Wednesday morning, at Eaton Hall, near Chester. He was in his 78th year.

Death of Mr. Leman Blanchard.—This gentleman, well known and highly esteemed in the literary world, died last week, at the age of 42. His death is believed to have been accelerated by the loss of his wife some months ago. He leaves four children, for whom, unhappily, no provision has been made.

Sir James Dowling.—The Sydney papers announce the death of chief justice Dowling, in September last. He was formerly a member of the London press, and was in his 58th year.

Mr. H. Johnstone, formerly a well-known performer at Drury-lane and Covent-garden Theatres, died last week. He had reached his 70th year. In his day he displayed much talent as a melo-dramatic actor. His Romandi and Rugantin cold stagers still recal with lively admiration.

CORRESPONDENTS.

Errata.—In the lines suggested by the question, "Why do men pursue wealth?" by Mr. Keys, which appeared in the last number:—
In line 35, for "but it will" read "but 'twill."
"49, for "That ere the winds" read "That ere the wintry winds."
"55, for "charms" read "clause."
We shall be glad to hear from X. Y.
Will O. N. E. be so good as to send his address, which has been lost.

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